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woodwind

WOODWIND

AN ARTS PAPER

WASHINGTON, D.C. FREE JANUARY 15, 1974

GLITTER WEEKEND... TRASHING ALL THE WAY

PHOTO: Roger Kranz

Bruce Pennington

The glitter phenomenon may well be the entertainment industry's midi skirt. Over the past two years, the facades of ambisexuality and androgyny have been tacked onto a number of musical acts that badly needed boosting. Flash and glitz showmanship supposedly made good box-office and, what with all that Lurex in the stores, the latest hair-cutting and -dying techniques, why *anyone* could facimilize themselves into a personna of star proportions.

The glitter scene and the happenings therein became part of the "image" for performers in and out of the rock mainstream who still had/have yet to capture a mass audience. Glitter became an attention-grabber for groups that had been previously ignored. Or it took over the show for groups who had to have *something*. These groups swapped record producers and session men in near-incestuous fashion. (All of the above may be applied to Reed, Bowie, Hoople, Cooper, Iggy, Dolls.) And let's not forget those truly tacky ladies scatting about in slinky, flashy haut hrifte.

As we all know, sexuality sells. Consequently, stages were set all over the world for a trend—the common factor being that it *had* to glitter. No matter if there was talent involved, no matter if the routines were ancient: glitter was trendy stuff and allegedly spelled "box office." The industry itself couldn't settle on a definitive hype-term; "Deco(a)-Rock," "Glitter Rock," "Glam Rock," "Rock & Rouge," even "Hermaphrodite Rock." Presumably, participants in the scene were to be so blinded by all that hot-flashing that the old buggerboo, sexual identity, was to disappear—or at least to blur a little—if Quaaludes hadn't already done a permanent job of it.

And it came to pass in the dying days of '73, just before the biggest star of the year (in the sky) bombed. . . A Glitter Weekend appeared on the horizon to help usher out that year's continuous bummers.

In a three-day series marked by only occasional moments of cerebral clarity, the D.C. Good Time Kids boogied their way just that much closer to the apocolypse the Children of God were warning the New York Dolls audience about on Friday. ("Only 40 days to go?" responded one stoned queen, "Honey, I'm worried about only 40 *nights* left!"

"Every Night is Hallowe'en," said the poster—surely a New Era Folly. It was not folly to have Babe open the show. They were the musical highlight of the evening.

The Dolls had just returned from London. Jet lag wasn't one of their problems, personnel-wise. Getting their equipment to D.C. from N.Y. was, though—the airline claimed that the weight of the sound equipment would burn too much of their fuel. And so, the Energy Crisis caused Personality Crisis's being delayed for a couple of hours. The NYD's finally made do with borrowed stuff and the show went on.

The New York Dolls look and sound like nearly every suburban parent's worst fantasy about what their kids might turn out to be. Their songs frequently related to that suburban mentality—the kids who can afford to have a minimum of one nervous breakdown.

Energy they have, lots of it; lots of showmanship. Space-age showbiz punk-types in platforms, lingerie and Max Factor.

While many fans were genuinely disappointed in the quality of the show, Holly Woodlawn (not particularly noted for critical acumen) and other friends of the Dolls down from New York, said that it was one of their best sets ever.

Backstage, the band itself wasn't tickled pink over the set. They voiced surprise at the reaction of the audience. ("You D.C. queens really know how to get it on."), but admitted that the act needed tightening. Once offstage, the sneering punks relaxed into almost regular guys, friendly and willing to talk despite being pooped and anxious to go. Like thousands of other rock bands, they want more ex

other rock bands, they want more exposure, better production, to be much more $ucce$$ful. They are ambitious enough to be all three. They aren't called the *New York Dolls* for nuthin', ya know.

The First Annual Snow Queen Ball, on Saturday, was preceded by *The Greatest Story Ever Overtold*, a pseudo-underground life-of-Christer that was notable for being Bette Midler's celluloid debut (if you don't count the cameo in *Hawaii*); and for the narrator, someone called Angel Fred, fluffing his lines on every take. Chief among the film's virtues was the demonstration that there's lots of room for fresh Christmas jokes.

The Snow Queen Ball was a gathering of the subcultural tribes, bringing as many of them as you can think of together with the single-minded purpose of having a good time. Without political coalitions, theo nly social action planned was to get it on. Every kind of drag from super butch (flannel shirts and jeans with tasteful touches of leather) to super femme (sequinned gowns and tasteless bouffant wigs); hard-core hippies, hairdressers, models, musicians, media freaks, suburbanites, haberdashers and transvestites, just to name a few, gathered, forgot how weird everyone thought everyone else was, and finally managed to get on a party of near-bacchanal proportions.

Attempting to entertain the revelers was the cast of *Inner City*, giving glimpses of ghetto culture. Drag Stephanie Stamper impersonated Lily Tomlin's operator, Ernestine, as she mimed a recording, thus demonstrating that that ancient gay male are survives because of talented women. Willie Tyson sang of good times and friendship. All were received with airs of loud boredom. Much more enthusiastically appreciated was the opportunity to dance to Bob Evan's splendid tapes of disco music and that clever 60's nostalgis touch, a light show.

Another hit of the evening was the initial discovery of that old favorite high in gay circles, amyl nitrate, the vapors of which produced delerious rushes and caused people to perform excesses that they had no idea they

were capable of.

While many had turned out to see and meet Holly Woodlawn and Jackie Curtis, most of the also-present cast of *Pink Flamingoes* went unnoticed and unheralded in the din. But the presence of such superstars was largely superfluous. Most people were at the Snow Queen Ball to make a scene, honey, and once the trendy tourists left, the Art Deco crowd made sure everyone had a good time. As if on ritual cue, the smoke and stomping produced first a flurry of snow (from the sky) and later a full-fledged snowstorm, providing an icily-beautiful backdrop for the final act of *Washington Goes Glitter*. . .

As one of the band put it later, "It's a real hard-core audience tonight." And that's just who the 250 or so who made it through the elements Sunday night were—hard-core fans who would have risked frostbite and worse to see Lou Reed, whose performance added to his legend and helped erase memories of an embarassing performance earlier in the year. His new backup group, the most competent since the Velvet Underground, is made up largely of members of other groups produced by Bob (*Berlin*) Ezrin

After a soaring overture, Reed made his usually spastic entrance looking magnificently wasted. Gone was the beer-gutted slob from the spring; instead there was a newly-trim Reed with hair cropped so close you could see his scalp, and leather pants two sizes too big that provided tintillating suspense during the evening by threatening to slide down to his knees. Immense leather and chrome braclets and choker, chalky-white makeup with blackened-out eye sockets, black-painted clown lips, hollow cheeks and black nail polish completed the ensemble of the new Lou.

During a set of impeccable reprises of his most famous songs, Reed demonstrated a command of his legendary artistry through "Sweet Jane," "Wild Side," "White Light," "Waiting for the Man," and a terrifyingly beautiful version of "Heroin." Because he has constantly kept his musical forms minimal, his songs flowed freely, with just the right improvisation to refresh them. The bulk of his latest release, *Berlin*, was performed largely faithful to the recorded arrangements, while the rock and roll animal's frenzied writhing on stage provided the bizarrely perfect touch. It was a good concert. Not a bit of glitter was necessary. It was a draining, exorcising experience. Lou Reed can bring out the demon in all of us.

Woodwind

WOODWIND

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Woodwind welcomes contributions of all sorts. We're particularly interested in feature articles and short fiction. Although we accept poetry, we have an enormous backlog. All articles are accepted on the basis of their own merits, not on the credits or reputation of the author. Materials submitted to **Woodwind** should be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope, if you ever want them back.

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IN YOUR OWN BACKYARD

WORLD RELIGION WEEK: Dr. Stanwood Cobb will lecture on World Unity through World Religion at the Bahai Center, 5713 16th St., N.W. on January 20th at 11:00 am. For more information, call 291-2268.

BOOKS: Two new book services make their entrance to the area:

New dimensions, 1137 Highland St. in the Clarendon district of Arlington, just off Wilson Blvd. Specializing in the unusual, New Dimension features books on Fortean phenomena, Astronomy, Astrology, Fantasy Fiction, Psychology, Secret Societies and Pataphysics.

Organizers' Book Center, PO Box 21066, Washington, D.C. 20009. A mail-order service bringing together books—usually from small organizations—which tell how to organize services and power groups.

SOLAR ENERGY: An introduction to the sun as an alternate energy source will be presented by the University of Maryland on WRC-TV, Sunday, January 27th at 9:00 am and at 1:05 am, following the "Tonight Show."

WOMEN: A Hollywood film series, based on Molly Haskell's *From Reverence to Rape*, will be featured by the American Film Institute. Included will be *Blonde Venus* (Von Sternberg/Dietrich), *Les Biches* (Chabroli/Trintignant), *The Wild Party* (Arzner/Bow), *The Women* (Russel) and *The Scarlet Letter* (Victor Seastrom/Lillian Gish). January 17th-February 10th, at the Kennedy Center. Call 785-4600.

BETTY BOOP SCANDALS!!: An epitome of liberated woman, Betty Boop is featured in a Max Fleischer studio retrospective at the Biograph Theatre. Fleischer, the man who gave Disney his greatest competition, will also be represented by Koko, Fat Bertha, the Bouncing Ball, Buck Rogers and the Little Rascals. January 16-22

DOUBLE BILL: "I Only Just Got Here Myself" by Michael Lewis and "Shark" by T.J. Camp, III produced by the American Society of Theatre Arts, 1774 20th St., N.W., January 23-27. Call 232-5959.

R.R.R.R: The American Theater, at L'Enfant Plaza, presents *The Rainbow Rainbeam Radio Roadshow* for four weeks only, January 12th through Februay 10th. For information (202) 488-9170.

MAD?: "Who Is to Say that I Am Crazy?" public dialogue on the rights of mental patients. 10:00 pm, January 19th. Salad, sandwiches and desserts served at the Gate Community Center, 3338 M St., N.W.

GALLERIES: Spectrum: serigraphs by Peggy Zee, through January 27th, 3033 M St., N.W.

Dimock: drawings and wall hangings by Rudolph Heintze, through January 20th at the Lisner Auditorium, 21st & H Sts., N.W.

Emerson: woodcuts, silkscreens and photographs by Marjorie Hirano and Thomas Beck. Through January, 1437 Emerson Ave., McLean, Va.

Watkins: paintings by Jack Tworkov, January 21st-February 13th at American University, Massachusetts and Nebraska Aves.

MIDDLE AGES to HIGH BAROQUE: French and German musics to be performed on such instruments as crumhorn, rackett, harpsichord, Baroque flute, gamba and recorder. January 27th at 7:30 pm at the Davies Memorial Unitarian Church, 7400 Temple Hills Rd., Camp Springs, Md. in southern P.G. County. For ticket info, call Jane Berninghausen at (301) 283-2716.

TALKING OF SEEING: Photos by Mark Rosenman, an activist in the Washington area, will be featured at Talking of Michaelangelo, 655 C St., southeast.

BOOMER COOLIDGE, II: Look inside for the announcement of the Second Annual Boomer Coolidge Memorial Photo Contest! Open to all area photographers. Over 1,000 entries last year, and this year promises to be even bigger.

S-F: A series of lectures, discussions and readings by science-fiction writers and experts will be aired on WAMU-FM. "Simak Remembers" on Monday, January 21st at 10:30 am, and "Tales of Time and Space," Saturday, January 26th at 7:00 am.

DANCE: The New York Dance Collective, a group of eight dancers and choreographers, trained with Martha Graham, Merce Cunningham and Erick Hawkins will open a six concert series in Baltimore. January 17th, 8:30 pm; January 18th, 8:00 and 10:00 pm; January 19th at 2:00 pm. Theatre Project, 45 W. Preston St., Baltimore. Call (301) 539-3090.

SONG AND DANCE: Generosity—A Bizarre Bazaar, an off-Broadway play that uses Vaudevillian music to portray the sicknesses of contemporary society and culture will play January 23rd-February 9th at Corner Theater, 819 N. Howard St., Balt.

TREE?: If you still have your Christmas tree, and don't quite know what to do with it, the Park Services will be happy to chop it into chips for you. If you bring a container, you can bring the chips home for mulch—otherwise, the Park Services will use them. Monday through Friday, until January 18th, at the Rock Creek Nature Center, Military — Glover Rds., Call: 426-6829.

GUITAR: Recital by John Marlow. Performances of works by Bach, Villa-Lobos, Milan, and Luys Narvez at 7:30, January 20th, at the New Fairfax High School, 3500 Old Lee Highway, Fairfax, Va. Tickets $3.00 and $1.00 for students. CAll 941-6495.

KOHOUTEK: Mounted binoculars and aimed telescopes are available for public viewing of the remnants of the biggest bust of the year. On the roof of the Space Sciences Building, Univ. of Maryland, through the end of January.

Where's Eddie?

Garvin Walsh

A bit of mystery about a young law graduate has become apparent following the birth of a new fan club at a Georgetown record store. A crew of employees at Orpheus Records, 3225 M Street, N.W., has established the Tricia Nixon Cox Chapter of the Edward Finch Cox Fan Club to honor an individual whose greatest achievement thus far has been his marriage to the President's oldest daughter.

The sudden development of this interest in Eddie Cox occurred after it was realized that no mention of the President's son-in-law had appeared in the news media since sometime last July. When this fact was linked with the mutual distaste which is believed to exist between the President and his daughter Tricia's husband, a flurry of rumors erupted which might be likened to the Paul McCartney-is-dead hysteria of 1969.

Dan Snyder of Orpheus Records, an organizer of the fan club, set out to do some checking up on the fair-haired Eddie. Among the places he called in search of a clue to Cox's whereabouts was the White House office which handles the personal affairs of Pat Nixon, the President's wife. Synder inquired about birthdays for the family members, but when he asked for Eddie's birthday he was told by a secretary, "I'm sorry, but we can only provide that information for relatives of the President and his close friends."

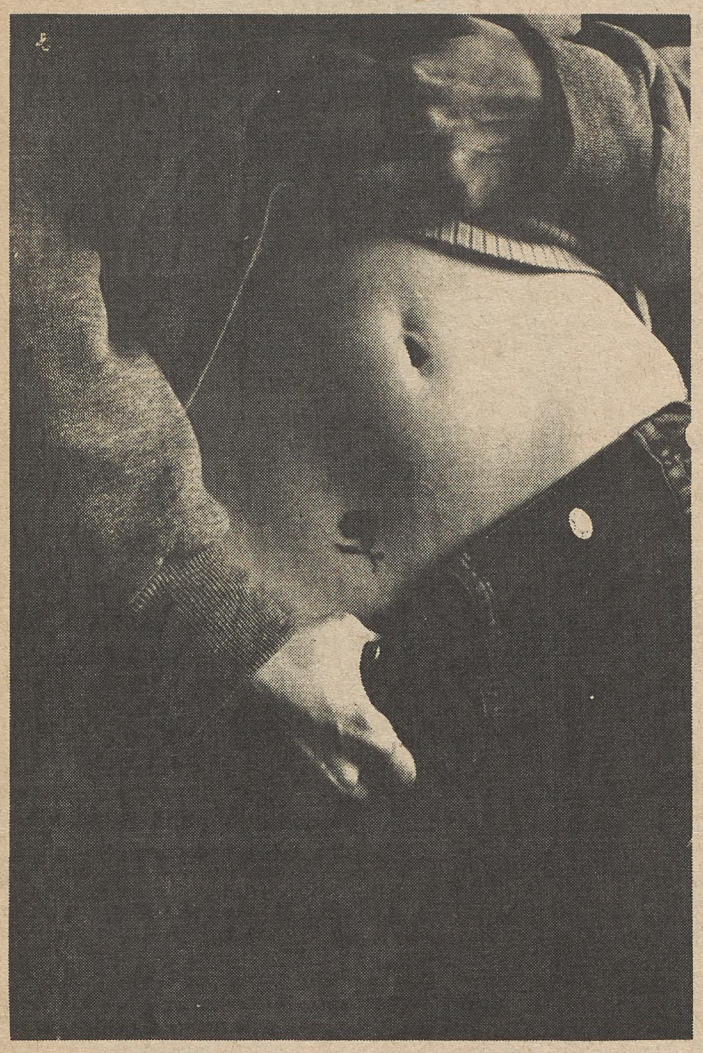
"But," replied Dan, "Eddie is the President's son-in-law!"

"Yes," the secretary responded, "but the President doesn't want anyone to know."

When asked about Eddie's whereabouts, the secretary informed him only that "he is working in New York." It was assumed that Eddie would be employed by a law firm following his legal studies, but no one has been successful in establishing that fact. Attempts to reach Eddie by mail have provided no results; fan club organizers did not expect much response from a letter, though, because all of Eddie's mail is processed and examined by the Secret Service in order to protect him from threats and assassination attempts.

Rumor currently has it that Mr. Cox, having gone underground to escape the pernicious influence of White House minions, is employed with Eastern Airlines as a baggage checker. The airline company failed to confirm or deny this suggestion.

As of this writing, the fan club has continued to exhibit a steadily growing membership as concern for Eddie mounts. It appears now that he might soon top the feat of his marriage to Tricia with another first. If it can be established that Eddie, who has declined to perform puppy dog tricks and lend his support for the post-Watergate Nixon regime, has been declared *persona non grata* at the White House, then certainly his importance in history will exceed even the most celebrated members of the White House Enemies List.



THE SECOND ANNUAL *BOOMER COOLIDGE MEMORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST*

Last year's photography contest was such a fantastic success (over 1,000 entries!) that *Woodwind* is quite pleased to announce the kickoff of the all-new, 1974 Second Annual Boomer Coolidge Memorial Photography Contest.

All photographers are eligible to enter the contest, whether they are professional or amateur. The rules are simple:

1. **There are no categories or divisions for the pictures. Portraits, landscapes, nudes, etc. — anything goes.**
2. **Only black & white photographs, at least 5" x 7" in size are eligible. They may be mounted or unmounted.**
3. **The prints must be "handmade"; no "drugstore" processing. Each print should have your name, address and phone number on the back.**
4. **No more than five photographs may be submitted by any individual.**
5. **The deadline for all entries is March 1, 1974. Nothing will be accepted after this date.**

Every reasonable effort will be made to return your pictures if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is included with your entries.

Winning photographs become the property of *Woodwind* and will be published in an upcoming issue of the paper. They will also be on display at the Washington Gallery of Photography & Your Lab.

Send your finest photographs to:

Boomer Coolidge
Woodwind
1318 35th St., NW
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. . . or better yet, deliver them personally to the *Woodwind* offices in Georgetown at 1408 Wisconsin Avenue, above the Viscount Records store.

Good Luck!

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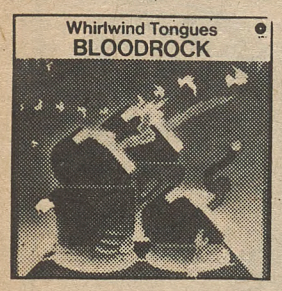

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ST-11262

OUT SOON

LINDA RONSTADT
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Different Drum; Rock Me On The Water; I'll Be Your Baby Tonight; Hobo; Stoney End; Long Long Time; Up To My Neck In High Muddy Water; Some Of Shelly's Blues; In My Reply; Will You Love Me Tomorrow.

ST-11269

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Your BANKAMERICARD welcome here

WHOEVER SHE IS. . .

Bonnie Newlon

Bonnie Newlon is a graduate student of Demography at Georgetown University. Researching the Women's Movement recently, she was confronted with a great many names, groups, and "fronts," but experienced difficulty in getting specific information about any of them. Whoever She Is *is her response to that difficulty.*

In this continuing series of articles, she explores various sources of information and assistance, and tries to present her views on them, as well as giving other women in the area a reliable guide to them. If there are any groups, associations, individuals, etc. which you feel would be of interest to Woodwind *readers, please drop us a line, addressed to Ms. Newlon, and she'll try to cover them in future articles.*

PRETERM
1726 Eye Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20006
(202) 298-7300

In 1971, Preterm opened Washington's first non-profit, tax-exempt abortion clinic. Its founders, Nan McEvoy and Harry Levin, had worked together at the Population Council in New York and realized the need for a high quality, humane medical service of this type. Since 1971, Preterm has continued to add other medical services in response to the needs expressed by its patients. In addition to its abortion clinic, Preterm also features a gynecological clinic, a vasectomy service, and a sex counseling/education program.

You notice the brightly-colored prints—Paul Reed, Norbert Irvine, and others you remember being printed at Lou and Di Stovall's Corcoran Workshop—the reception area of the abortion clinic has been designed to welcome you. The furnishings throughout are comfortable, good-looking, and contemporary—closer to a friendly living room than a clinic. Quickly surveying the waiting area, you see perhaps 30 young women waiting to be examined. Many of them are tense, apprehensive. The counselors are milling about, too, and it's difficult to tell a patient from a counselor—everyone responds to first names and wears street clothes. You realize what an important life-decision is being made by these young women, and you're glad that they can come to a professional, caring environment which will help them find an alternative and make the decision which will be right for them. You're glad, too, that they'll have the benefit of an experienced individual instructing them in birth control—so that they'll be able to prevent the trauma of an unwanted pregnancy.

"In women's struggle to gain control of their reproductive lives, the medical profession has been a most reluctant ally."
— Jane E. Hodgson, M.D.

Judy Morris of the Community Relations staff emphasized to me the consumer aspects of an abortion clinic. One problem is that the D.C. government does not have a code regulating abortion clinics at this time. Women, she said, should be careful to ask several questions when calling clinics concerning this service. How much does the procedure cost? Does this fee include a pelvic examination, the pregnancy tests, blood tests, RhoGam (administered if a woman is Rh negative), the procedure, counseling, a followup exam, choice of birth control technique, and emergency services? If not, what are the add-on fees? And where is one expected to receive emergency service, if needed?

Preterm, for example, has an all-inclusive fee and emergency service is provided. Women who cannot afford the fee are referred to sources of possible funding.

Dr. Hodgson explained the abortion procedure by vacuum aspiration, under local anesthesia, at the Preterm clinic:

> *nancies far more economically and expiditiously than the usual hospital. Treatment can be individualized and humanized more readily in a free-standing clinic than in the impersonal and highly regimented hospital.*
>
> *There is a great struggle going on between two factions in many hospitals as to whether or not the procedure will even be done. Problems concerning the personal objections of the physicians and para-medical personnel are constantly arising. The patient will suffer if some of the hospital staff view the procedure with disapproval. Sympathy and empathy are obvious requisites of humane medical services.*

The counselor a companies the patient through the abortion procedure **PHOTO:** Preterm

The emphasis at Preterm is on counseling and education. One senses a humanitarian approach to medical services, also. One of Preterm's precepts is the belief that abortion is necessary as an interim step until contraceptive technology and health education catch up with human need. The former medical director of Preterm, Dr. Jane E. Hodgson [who has since been replaced by Dr. Michael Burnhill], has also explained:

> *The free-standing clinic can terminate first trimester pregnancies far more economically and expiditiously than the usual hospital. Treatment can be individualized and humanized more readily in a free-standing clinic than in the impersonal and highly regimented hospital.*
>
> *There is a great struggle going on between two factions in many hospitals as to whether or not the procedure will even be done. Problems concerning the personal objections of the physicians and para-medical personnel are constantly arising. The patient will suffer if some of the hospital staff view the procedure with disapproval. Sympathy and empathy are obvious requisites of humane medical services.*
>
> *. . . the patient, previously registered by telephone, is present in the facility for an average three to four hours. The (medical) history is taken, followed by a physical examination to confirm the duration of the pregnancy and to rule out any medical complications which might be a contra-indication for an out-patient procedure. Laboratory studies include Rh typing, hematocrit, urinalysis, cervical cultures for gonorrhea, and tests for ferning of cervical mucus* [an additional check for pregnancy] *as well as standard pregnancy tests. After a one-to-one counseling period, termination is performed. The counselor accompanies the patient through the entire procedure which is performed under a paracervical block. . . no perineal "prepping" is done, nor are sterile drapes employed.*
>
> *. . . [RhoGam] is administered when indicated. Contraceptive devices are supplied at this time, and the patient is taken to the recovery area. It is rarely necessary to keep the patient more than an hour.*

She has found that the complication rate is very low when abortions are performed during the first trimester, prior to the 12th week after the last menstrual period.

Preterm's experiences has shown that the counseling session, and how effectively it is handled, affects the procedure itself, in a large part. The counselor and physician are seen as co-professionals, each supporting one another. The counselor's interview with the patient helps the physician determine if the abortion is necessary to the woman's health—or if it would be a healthier decision for the woman to continue the pregnancy. These interviews often last more than an hour, going over the examinations and procedure the woman will undergo, her pregnancy and decision for the abortion, her future plans for contraception, and any aspects of her family or sexual life which is relevant to her situation and which she wishes to bring up. The counselor then stays with the patient through the procedure.

Sandra Wilson, Director of Counselors, explained that anyone accompanying the patient—a boyfriend, husband, parent or friend—can also participate in the woman's counseling session, although an effort is made to allow her time alone with the interviewer to discuss her private feelings. The individuals waiting for the patient have a separate waiting room staffed by a counselor, where rap sessions are conducted on family planning issues. Often these friends and family are more anxious than the patient, and though they aren't forced to join in the discussions, many find them a chance to discuss conflicting attitudes and obtain a more informed perspective.

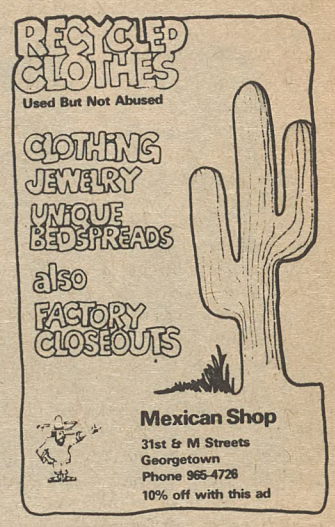
Counseling and education, as well as high quality medical care, are again emphasized in the Vasectomy Service which began in 1972. The Gynecology Service opened in July 1973 to provide examination, testing, and birth control. At this time, Preterm doesn't offer obstetric care, but it has been studying the possibility of adding this service. The sex counseling/education sessions and courses are offered as requested, some at the 1726 Eye Street address, others at locations elsewhere in town.

Preterm counselor Sally Walher explains the pill **PHOTO:** Preterm

The distribution of good information on birth control is a valuable aspect of the clinic. They have computed from their records for a sample month that 26% of their 1,315 patients had never used a contraceptive method, and almost 75% of all the patients had not been using any method when they became pregnant. Another 28% were using—or trying to use—a method at the time their current conception occurred. The number who chose a method before leaving the clinic was high—92% accepted one of the three methods offered by Preterm. Another 3% planned sterilization or some other method of contraception. Sixty-eight percent of these patients had never given birth before and 11% had previous induced abortions.

Preterm is sharing its patient follow-up data with the Population Council's Joint Project for the Study of Abortion. The effort here is to develop reliable statistics on the safety of abortions in uncomplicated pregnancies in non-hospital-attached facilities. The clinic has also received a grant for study in the area of human sexuality through its sex counseling and education program. The vasectomy clinic has undertaken controlled research on a drug which is helpful in relieving post-operative discomfort and scarring—both of which are usually negligible.

Preterm has a free speaker's bureau which responds to requests from community organizations for speakers to discuss sex education and counseling. Interested groups are encouraged to call the clinic for further information, and the general public is invited to attend an open house which Preterm will hold on Tuesday, January 22, 1974, from 6-8 pm. Staff members will be present to discuss the various services offered by the clinic.



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KEEPING RACHEL SAFE AND SOUND

David Wham

Yes, I had to admit I was afraid of our home back there in the ghetto, of always needing to go back to it, of staying there and putting Rachel to bed and not ever really knowing if she would be all right till morning. It wore on me, we were such outsiders, aliens in that strange land. It was physically dangerous, and what continually took place, on the sly or out in the open, only bore out my worst fears: the stick-ups; the muggings; even the occasional murders. So, as the nights grew warmer, I picked up two strange habits. I started to drink, and I began to stay in Congressman Mack's office over the weekends with Rachel.

On weeknights I tried drinking a few beers to calm myself down, to laugh off possible death when I thought I heard it threaten. Only one thing I couldn't get rid of: the likely image of myself trying to fight off the burglars who might break in one night looking for something to steal, of getting knocked unconscious or maybe even killed and leaving Rachel at their mercy. And it was a year's lease that held us here, it couldn't be broken; the rental company was being mean as hell.

Yet on weekend nights I was free to rescue Rachel from my fear of immediate death and mayhem, to go to Congressman Mack's office and, while Rachel slept, to think and dream of all the skin-soft future summers we might have if I stuck it out now and truly won her. I spent many a Friday and Saturday night like that, pacing, figuring, wondering if we would make it. And when at last I went into Mack's inner office and lay down on the floor below where she make a tangled bundle on the couch, sometimes I would see Rachel asleep with her rump folded upwards in the air and her little hands propped backwards at her sides, palms exposed and the fingers curling tenderly upwards, too; and at such time she seemed so vulnerable that I almost started to cry. And we had the night and the whole morning, and it was lovely.

To me, it was only amazing that Mack minded so little that we stayed over in his office on those weekends when he was out of town. But perhaps it was not so amazing, after all. To be effective in the Congress, as Ed Mack was, you do not have to be brilliant, but you do have to be sensitive to the life stories of others—to come across with the goods when you hear about hard luck. Perhaps it surprised me only because I had spent so much of my life in school, where the premium is not on goods, but on words. At any rate, he knew what I was going through and the the troubles I was having trying to make a life for Rachel. And he responded not with rhetoric, but with a place to stay.

An old Johnson man through and through, Mack happily accepted life, its failures together with its filth. To Mack, children were facts; he might not have loved them, but he certainly respected them; and hurt children, like Rachel, have a way of responding to that faster and more easily than they ever can to an unseeing, unperceptive kind of love. She absolutely adored "Congy Mack." In a matter-of-fact way, he commandded her, by his very bearings, to mess up his desk, to strut about his office and sit crashingly, spectacularly on his lap to rasp:

Hum-ty *Dum*-ty sat onna wah
Hum-ty *Dum*-ty hadda grey fah
Aw the king hosses
An' *aw* the king min
Put *Hum*-ty *Dum*-ty agether agin.

And they would both laugh, her head banging back onto his chest and her eyes slitting and her mouth opened wide as a blessing. They made quite a picture like that, a child and her ultimate benefactor. No, Congressman Mack didn't object to our sleeping in his office.

That office was like a reprieve in the wilderness. Rachel thrilled to its sleek mahogany, those beige and important-looking curtains that ballooned like sails out into the night. It was romantic fun, like the Vogage of Sinbad. It struck her little-girl's heart just right. On these weekend nights, I put her to bed with sheets and blankets on the Congressman's blue leather couch in his own private office. I blocked with one chair the drawer in his desk where he kept his many nerve pills. I walled with heavy easy chairs the couch where Rachel slept so she would not tumble off. And when I pulled the door to, saying good night, she would sweetly go to sleep. Every now and then I would open the door, soft, to see if she was perfectly safe, and she would be tucked beyond the stuffing-leaking glory of her old raggedy dolls, with her winter coat and hood on to protect her from the air-conditioning.

And do not think it was easy to get out of that sanctuary with dignity in the early mornings when we escaped back to reality, a truant from the regular world smuggling his kid out on his shoulders, but bearing in his own hands the telltale suitcases of runaways. She beamed and giggled; only the glances of the policemen were circumspect, cool. Maybe a stick of gum was drawn with some hesitation from their pockets; perhaps they patted her cheek. I never explained. How could you, without delving out the whole bloody sore of separation and baffled rage and then a frantic fight for Rachel's custody? So we passed, ships at dawn emitting signals that were mutually foreign. They in blue, we many-colored and prodigally in rags. What a pair.

And where did we go? Longworth, the middle House Office Building set in a row of three, was situated directly across Independence Avenue from the ballooning, precious falsie of the Capitol's dome. Can you imagine? This scofflaw and his kid coming out of that law-making edifice, traipsing brazenly over the wide lawns before the Capitol to the street, and up the steps of the God damn Supreme Court itself? Though our life-style flew in the face of its most sacred standards, all this was our world and it loved us dearly.

Every day during the week, at noon, I would sit in my office and dream. Without a girl friend, instructed by Cantor, the attorney in this case for my daughter's custody, never to sit in the Longworth CAfeteria with any female still under thirty-five, I would get my lunch at the carry-out and bring it back to my office. My office was in the annex around the corner from the main office, and I was always alone in it. I would stare and chew and try to make sense of the comments Mack had scrawled across my latest draft of a speech, but between his words and arrows, the shaft of my own heart went soaring toward Rachel romping over hard linoleum floors with other children, her hair flung out in a yellow handful like a flag or a distinctive banner; and I wondered aloud what she might be doing, where life might be taking my daughter next.

Rachel loved school. True, she was the only child who was white in the Greater Mount Zion Day-Care Center, but she was also free to touch and feel and be herself, free to escape the fighting between her mother and me. And yet, because the fighting had been so much a part of her early childhood, she had hated the orderliness of school at first. I remembered the first day I took her there, that day in January after the car was stolen. She was dressed in the little red corduroy suit which I had bought for her, one Saturday, at the second-hand store where all the welfare mothers went. She began to fret as soon as I set her down, dancing around at my feet, flingiing her arms at me to pick her back up, as though the very tiles of the floor were hot. It was hard for me to do, but I left her then, and the teachers told me later how they had taken her by the hand and led her in among the high stalls of the lavatory and undressed her and how she looked at them as she slowly got the message that she couldn't wear Pampers any more during the day, that if she didn't learn to use the potty like everyone else they would spank her and they didn't want to do that because they loved her. And they told me how they gave her a spare pair of underpants and let her pull her trousers back up herself and how they took her hand again and led her out into the big room where all the other children were and sat down with them.

I sat by myself then, yet strangely I was happy there, chewing on a sandwich from the carry-out. In my mind, as I sat alone, Rachel and her little friends all sat together at lunch. From the Longworth House Office Building I had some feeling that I was watching over them, from this powerful and flag-decorated citadel watching over some delicate and natural miracle of growing up that was taking place down there in that unpretentious day-care center in northeast Washington. I thought about her tutelage under those black people who were also my neighbors in the ghetto I feared so much, and how under their gentle care Rachel was growing, maturing, learning. The learning must have been slow, for she was by far the youngest one there, but the pressure on her was slow and heavy and loving as well. They did not let her get away with just sitting closed into herself, smiling inwardly, dawdling her spoon through the oatmeal and flailing her legs about like she did at home; they made her eat. When they all got bundled up and went outside to the park, they did not let Rachel wander off into the hedges and get lost behind them until they turned to search, as she sometimes did with me; they made her keep up. And behind all those teachers, behind all those lanky five-year-old legs, she needed to take two steps to their every one, my child of two years did, yet she kept up. Rachel learned to keep up pretty well, in her hand-me-down orange corduroy pants, her hooded coat, her white socks and brown lace-up shoes, trailing all those bigger kids out across the park with that amazed and stunning smile.

So now there was something great and awakening out there over which I had no control. I knew this as I sat in my office surrounded by the planned obsolescence as well as the unplanned adolescence which is Congress; and I knew that I could make no contribution to it. The black people were bringing her a life and liveliness which I could not even understand. When I came for her, in the late afternoon, I would see it on her shining face. My daughter would be happy, would be shimmering, in the midst of all my sorrows.

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Fantastic Planet
Sleeper

John Burgess

It's great and dangerously tempting fun to watch a favorite, be it book, idea, person, or whatever, being vindicated. At present, I'm very greatly pleased and more than dangerously tempted. Science ficiton, the love of my life, has suddenly caught the attention of all the media; from films and TV, to the *Washington Post* (at least three articles on s-f in the last week), to *Natural History* magazine. It's long, long past due, but I suppose that when you suddenly realize that s-f is outselling even mystery stories, you've just *got* to take a second look.

So, everybody's now taking a second look. The second look, however, is usually not a very clear one. Most writers and reviewers took their first looks long ago and decided what science fiction was. Very good. . . in principle. But s-f has been changing and that change seems to have slipped by reviewers and non-s-f writers. You know, it's really quite hard to find a Bug-Eyed Monster dragging naked ladies off to Venerial seraglios anymore. Actually, you had to look rather hard to find them 20 years ago (excluding, of course, a rash of Hollywood and Japanese films that haven't completely caught up yet). Even the audiences for s-f have changed. This change, too, seems to have passed the critical consciousness though why, I can't say.

S-F was once an almost exclusively juvenile market. H.G. Wells, Olaf Stapledon, Jules Verne, E.A. Poe, Aldous Huxley never seemed to me to be writers of juvenile fiction, but we're told that "if it's s-f, it's 'kids' stuff.'" Oh, yes, I see now.

We're told that s-f is "nothing but escapist junk." Hmmmm, could be, but what were the hells that Wells and Huxley and Anthony Burgess were escaping from if they found escape in the nightmares they created? Perhaps there *are* people who get off by fleeing towards the horrifying? Perhaps, alternately, there are those who get off by fleeing toward possible solutions of the nighmare problems they see daily. Perhaps there are those who don't think we have the tools to create the perfect world? Well, I guess you can call it "escape" if you want to, but that's bending the meaning a little.

S-F is basically a medium of ideas. Somehow it's easier to talk about universally important themes or concepts when they're put in a distinctly uncommon setting. Somehow, I find it difficult to talk about, for example, the pros and cons of genetic engineering if I'm limited to Hoboken N.J. or Martha's Vinyard. Isn't it also more appropriate to talk about man's possibly meeting alien intelligence somewhere other than in the San Joaquin Valley, or Spokane?

But these admittedly "spacey" themes do not comprise the range of s-f entirely. It's frequently desirable to discuss such trite phemonmena as love and loyalty in other than suburban locales. Name for me, if you will, just *one* "mainstream" novel that rationally discusses the emotional absurdities that becloud such social crimes as incest. S-F is, in my opinion, the only truly *creative* fiction going on today. I read Hawkes, Robbins, Drury, *et al.*, but, quite frankly, They bore me to death. Somehow, I find it not at all worth it to get involved with everyday people seething in everyday juices on the pages of an everyday "mainstream" novel. I've too many juices of my own, and everyone else I know has his own stewpot as well.

So there it is: my temptations have been soothed. If anyone would care to discuss my opinions, I'm available, as is space for "letters To. . . ."

In the meantime, though, there are three s-f films currently playing in Washington. I've yet to see *Day of the Dolphin*, so I can't very well comment. The other two, *Fantastic Planet* and *Sleeper*, I have seen and highly recommend.

In a way, it's strange for me to be recommending *Fantastic Planet*. It's only partially good science-fiction. It fulfills the form of s-f perfectly, but the spirit is missing.

Great effort was expended by the animators to provide a richly alien context for the story. It's refreshing to find a film that actually has alien household items in it. The animators don't try to slip a telephone by us by putting it into a streamlined container. There are no "ultra-futuristic" cars. The Draags (the aliens: humanoid, blue, half-way sexually complete) and the Oms (humans that have degenerated to a certain extent) converse within their groups by voice or the use of two-way, three-dimensional televisions—something like the setup at Capital Arena. Nothing very weird, here; just a reasonable extrapolation of a reasonable process. When the Draags want to go somewhere, they walk, or use the walkways. Also, they're able to use a form of teleportation (*via* meditation) to project their egos across space. It seems that a well developed mind might be able to do this, no matter what it's origin. The miniscule humans, not having reached such an exalted state of consciousness, use rockets to travel to a moon.

But it's in the day-to-day objects that *Fantastic Planet* shows brilliance. There are items on the same plane as brushes and combs—the Draags have no hair, so they aren't brushes and combs—that are completely strange. The audience is not told what they are, what they do, or anything else. All we know is that there is *some* use for them, that they are common items to be found around any Draag household. The houses, quite obviously, perform their function, but in a unique way, a way that seems to be the only way for Draag houses to function.

The landscapes, too, can be described only as alien. There are plants that can be generally classified as "bushes," "trees," and "flowers" but that's it. They grow and reproduce and die in their own, unique, proper manner. They are unknown and unexplained; totally weird, sometimes (in a Freudian sense), and sometimes frightening.

All of these qualities can be applied to the animals (!?) of this world as well. Maybe even more so.

All of this exquisite detail makes up a thorough context; they are background that adds to the depth of the film but, not being an integral part of the story, is not played up. It is so matter-of-fact that *Fantastic Planet* is completely believable.

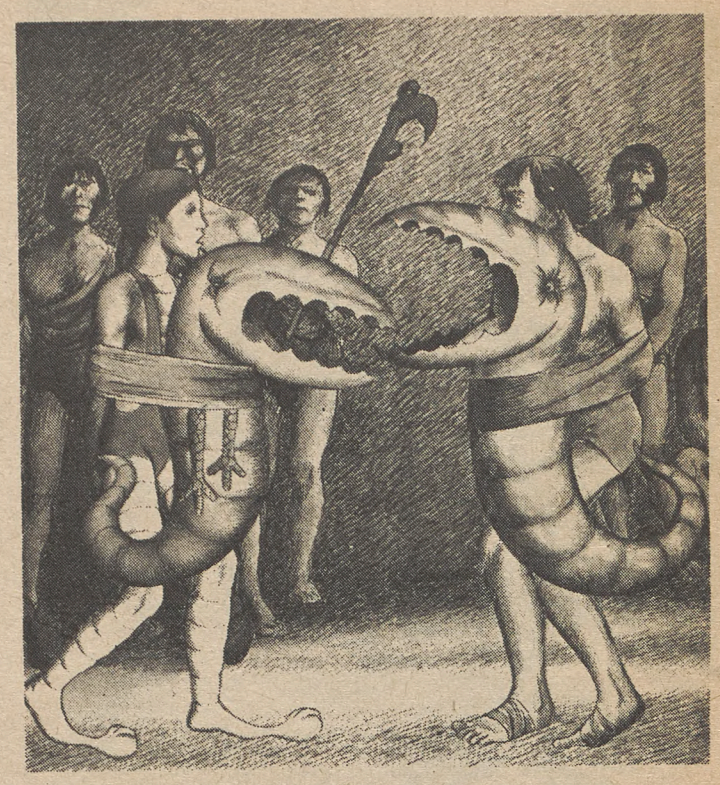
The problem with the film is that it lacks ideas outside of the context. The story is not very interesting, nor is it very clear. It's about the planet of the Draags and the problems caused by a quickly reproducing house pet that quickly goes feral. As can be expected, these cuddly little pets are human. And, equally predictable, they must be exterminated. The Draags' extermination processes, however, seem no more effective than our current attempts to get rid of rats; the humans find a leader amongst themselves, escape the planet, and live in happy coexistence ever after, blah, blah, blah.

Despite the fact that there's no story whatsoever, *Fantastic Planet* is absolutely delightful. The graphics, alone, are worth the price of admission. The musical background is very good and immeasurably adds to the mood of the film. It's a diverting film that anyone of any age can see and understand and enjoy.

— — —

Woody Allen's *Sleeper* is also a diverting film that anyone can enjoy. It also happens to be the funniest of his films ever; almost non-stop laughter from the very start.

Allen plays a humble (what else?) person brought out of deep freeze some 200 years in the future. The future, of course, is a Madison Avenue nightmare, everything ultra-hyper-slicko-futuristic—sort of a photographic *Jetsons*. 'Aint great s-f, but it's a great movie. *Sleeper* does have a message: "It's gonna be just the same, only a little bit more so." To be sure, the government is similar to what you might expect in *1984*, but



that still *could* be a valid prediction. To be sure, kitsch art is still as banal as hell and just as ugly then as it is now. To be sure, all of the concepts are as old as time and spring from less-than-astute premises, i.e., crap. But, as an astute s-f writer, Theodore Sturgeon, says, "90% of everything is crap, s-f or not," then or now. Everything, that is, but the comedy. It's 100% hilarious.

I suppose that if you had to, you could describe *Sleeper* as an example of low-slapstick brought to its highest possible level. All of the old routines—the pie in the face, slipping on a banana peel, boffo running-gag—are there in full regalia. But ever-so-slightly changed. Woody Allen is the klutz that he always is, but better. Diane Keaton, insecure as she is, perfectly provides again rational counterpoint to Allen's lunacy.

The ideas and jokes in *Sleeper* aren't new. But so what. . . I can't name ten best-sellers within the last ten years that concerned themselves with anything original in concept. Woody Allen's humor, though, is new: his wit rejuvenates jokes that were old when they were first told. *Sleeper* is the kind of movie that you find yourself laughing about weeks after you see it. What's disconcerting is that the gags are basically stupid. But my, they certainly are funny.

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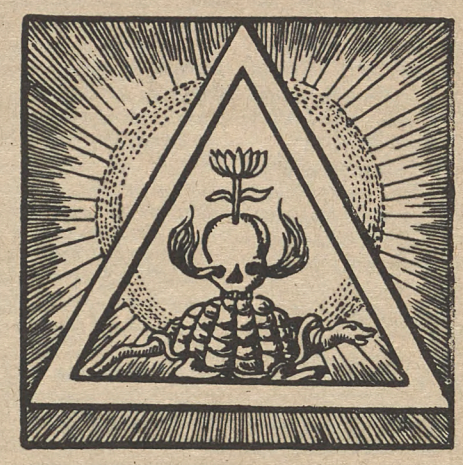

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OVER THE SHOULDER
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OFF THE HIP

Ernie Kelly

Another year down the drain. . . and as far as a year's end review of popular music in 1973 goes, I would have to say I'm not sorry to see it go. It's not that there wasn't a lot of good music, it's just that these last few years have seemed so tame compared to others. In fact, just plain boring. No one has really emerged from the pack yet to take control of the scene, as the Beatles and Elvis did in the last two decades. But it's still early: maybe next year will bring some substantial, progressive movement.

The brightest area in '73 was the improvement in the calibre of Top-40/AM radio music. 1973 produced the best music on Top-40 in at least four years.

There was the usual assortment of bad news—death took Jim Croce, and Pigpen; plus two former Byrds, Clarence White and Gram Parsons. A severe traffic accident almost cut short the steadily rising career of Stevie Wonder.

We were all very lucky in Wonder's case. His third, brilliant, post-Motown LP, *Innervisions*, proved him to be one of the most creative artists around today. Along with Billy Preston, Wonder appears to be foremost in the small group of black entertainers who appeal broadly to integrated audiences. We await his comeback anxiously.

Reggae (the uniquely rhythmic music of the West Indies) was the most talked about new trend in pop music during 1973. For all the talk, though, not that much substantive reggae music was produced. Johnny Nash and Jimmy Cliff proved to be the most adept proponents of this movement.

"Glam" rock continued its steady erosion of popular music. Why, even Mick Jagger, the king of jaded rock stars, showed up with a little Kenner's sparkle paint on his face for a TV appearance. Still, though, "rock and rouge" remained almost totally the domain of the British. But look out, America has a few upstarts trying to cash in.

The New York Dolls were America's premier entry into the race. The Dolls came up with the "novel" idea of substituting outlandish behavior and fey decadence for a stage show, and loudness for musical quality. And Alice Cooper deserves a medal for endurance, at least.

David Bowie dramatically announced his retirement from rock during the summer. Then, while the rock world sat stunned, Bowie (after consultation with his financial advisors?) had a change of heart and five weeks later launched a "dramatic" comeback.

Madison Avenue contributed *its* steady encroachment on rock. The most ridiculous example of this is the new star/mannequin Jobriath. Jobriath's manager "proclaimed" him a superstar, and then proceeded to convince the record companies of the validity of his claim, and land Jobriath a $300,000 contract. All of this before he had even performed live or recorded a single song! Come to think of it, isn't that what Fabian did?

On the other hand, you have a group like Grand Funk, whose albums are certified "gold" the moment they're conceived. The vinyl shortage may actually be the salvation of an industry that is steadily coming to resemble a potato chip factory.

As usual, the better albums were produced by established artists, like Van Morrison, The Allmans, and the Rolling Stones. 1973 also seemed to be a bonanza year for single male artists. Ex-member of "Tom and Jerry," Paul Simon; ex-Youngblood Jesse Colin Young; and ex-everything Ian Matthews all made stellar solo albums.

On the ladies side, it was gratifying to see recognition finally passed on to Maria Muldaur. Her first album, after 10 years of playing second fiddle to a variety of acts, was an unqualified success. Her estranged husband, Jeff, also scored big with Paul Butterfield's fine come-back group, Better Days.

Linda Ronstadt, with a magnificent choice of material, added to Asylum Records' growing wealth of talent with *Don't Cry Now*. Asylum head David Geffin recently announced the signing of both The Band and Bob Dylan, as he continues his bid for a clean sweep.

The most remarkable and promising new female voice belongs to Maddy Prior, the vibrant lead singer with England's Steeleye Span. Side one of *Parcel of Rogues* attests to the great range and power of Maddy. She's on a plane with Sandy Denny.

LA based, country/rock continues to spread its popularity. With the Byrds (not withstanding their brilliant reunion LP) all but defunct, the Eagles seem to have taken the baton pass in stride. *Desperado* was the finest concept album released last year. The Eagles are often joined on stage by fellow outlaws J.D. Souther and Jackson Browne, both of whom also had outstanding solo albums.

Along a jazz line, Brian Auger's Oblivion Express, Return to Forever with Chick Corea, and Santana all successfully straddled the line between rock and jazz in popularity.

The metamorphosis of Santana has been especially gratifying. With Leon Thomas now the permanent lead singer, the group is a jazz force to be reckoned with. Carlos Santana really took over for a tired-sounding John McGlaughlin in their *Love, Devotion and Surrender* jam, and unlike the Mahavishnu Orchestra, his group plays *with*, rather than *at* each other. Even though their changing approach undoubtedly will hurt the group's sales potential, at the same time it is assuring a longer and more satisfying career for the band.

Nostalgia continued to hold sales potential. The period of the late 40's and early 50's was fertile ground for several entertainers, foremost among them Bette Midler and The Pointer Sisters. The best of them all, however, continued to be Dan Hicks and his Hot Licks.

Drawing upon a weird conglomerate of sources, such as Tex Willis, Homer and Jethro, The Ames Sisters, Xavier Cugat, Gene Autry and Desi Arnez, Hicks crafted one of the most diversified and professional releases of 1973. *Last Train to Hicksville* was his third stupendous record in a row. Unfortunately, the future of the band is somewhat clouded at this time. No one seems to know what's going on, least of all the members of the band. .

Among the pile of Oldies Revival LP's released last year, the best by far was *Moondog Matinee* by The Band (Hawks). The key seems to lie in both the selection and authentic reproduction of the original stuff (as opposed to doing it 1973 style.) *Moondog*, like Dr. John's *Gumbo* of the year before, drew from the untapped reservoir of dynamic, yet relatively obscure hits and semi-hits of the cradle-rock days in the early- and mid-50's. One song, "Third Man Theme" was actually the number three hit for the year 1950.

Humor continued to center around the mindless bathroom antics of Cheech and Chong. If it had not been for some really funny Watergate take-offs towards the end of the year, 1973 would have been a total loss.

Perhaps the most talked about album of the year was the incredible *Raw Power* by Iggy Pop and the Stooges. If there were ever an album which lived up to its name, this was it. *Raw Power* is the raunchiest, most base, and most hard rocking LP ever produced in this galaxy. The epitome of Detroit punk rock.

There's an old saying that music is what you hear with your mind, not with your ears. If that's your credo—that is, it's what the music conveys, rather than what it sounds like—then *Raw Power* is the best rock album of the year. If not, then it's absolutely the worst.

Over the Christmas vacation, I actually saw *Raw Power* reduce a normal human being to a quivering glot of protoplasm. At the end of only one side of *Raw Power** this person had to be held down and physically restrained as she attempted to attack the record player in a wild frenzy of destruction. Finally she collapsed into a semi-coma laced with shrieks and incoherent babbling. *Raw Power*: a quintessential, atavistic, rock experience.

[**Note: It should be added that* Raw Power *followed four hours of SRC, Bloodrock, MC5, The Amboy Dukes, and Blue Cheer in a savage orgy of noise.*]

The market for the 45 has gone through revolving cycles during the last 20 years. Back in the mid-50's, as rock began to nudge out Patti Page, Kay Starr, etc., a million-seller was a a major achievement. During the late-50's and early-60's there was a tremendous boom in 45 sales. (When an untalented clod like Fabian could sell a zillion, things were getting out of hand.)

The market slumped in '63, during the so-called "death of rock." The Beatles sparked a resurgence of 45's popularity, perhaps culminated for all time in 1965 when Herman's Hermits had five (5) hits on the Top-40 at one time.

In the 70's, with a vast share of the profits having shifted to LP's, a million-selling 45 really means something again. Most of the top songs today never crack a million sales. During the fall, *Billboard* listed only three songs as having sold a milliion—"Angie," "Midnight Train to Georgia," and "Half Breed" (the year's *worst* single).

The Doobie Brothers, Seals and Crofts, and Steely Dan, more than any other groups, are responsible for returning AM radio to listenability over the last year or so. "Long Train Runnin'" and "Do It Again" were top singles, and it looks like Steely may have another one comin' down the pike with "My Old School." Both the Doobies and Steely Dan are the best new groups to pop up in the last year. Lead guitarists Jeff Baxter and Denny Dias of Steely Dan are the most inventive and diversified stylists to come along since Peter Frampton.

Continued on Page 8

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Continued from Page 7

Seals and Crofts have been especially brilliant. Their last two albums have been so chock full o' hits that the choice of which ones to release as singles was purely incidental. Almost any one could conceivably been a hit.

Considering the stacks of wax Elton John has been spewing forth in the last few years, it's inevitable that some kernals of wheat will show up with all the chaff. Such was the case with "Daniel," which contained perhaps the prettiest melody line of the year.

The year's most unlikely entry into the dollars and cents wasteland of Top-40 had to have been the old night tripper himself, Dr. John. The good doctor, who has more solid roots than a sequoia tree, gave us the year's number one hip-shaker, "Right Place, Wrong Time" and a great theme song for a chaotic summer. Special mention for the incredible *one-take* guitar break by David Spinoza. (As Doc Watson says, "If you can't do it in one take, forget it.")

Comeback of the year awards go collectively to the Isley Brothers, Charlie Rich and Dobie Gray. Gray, returning after 10 year's absence since "The In Crowd" was a global smash, produced 1973's most stunningly beautiful and poignant number with "Drift Away." Rich, whose last Top-40 cut was "Mo-hair Sam," back around 61, gave us country music's best song of the year with "Behind Closed Doors."

While in New York this summer, I visited a family of old friends, all of whom are girls. The youngest, age 10, had a mad crush on Mick Jagger. Her older sisters, (ages 15 and 17) informed her, rather disdainfully, that they had gotten over Mick AT LEAST two years ago. (They're into Pink Floyd now. . .) Now where does that leave the rest of us?

"Angie" was the Stones' seventh number one hit (not to mention two others which reached number two)—a milestone only a very few have reached (Elvis, Fats Domino, Pat Boone and the Beatles come to mind).

"Angie," like "Ruby Tuesday" and "As Tears Go By" before it, came as a slower, refreshing twist after several successful hard-rockers. Nicky Hopkins' piano playing was an integral part again, sounding hauntingly familiar to the lush melodies he fashioned in Quicksilver's "Spindrifter" or "Girl from Mill Valley" with the Jeff Beck Group.

"Brother Louie" by Stories ran on Top-40 radio from the middle of June until the end of October, an astonishing 18 weeks!! (Perhaps the main reason you are groaning with distaste as you look down the page). It was easily the most successful single of 73.

The song is an absolutely classic AM rock and roll single. Great raspy singing from Ian Lloyd, mindless yet catchy lyrics (certainly not the "Society's Child of 73" as some have called it), an infectious melody and eminent sing-alongability.

The real kicker for "Brother Louie" though, was the incredible sense of dramatics played out through the song. It built up slowly and subtly by playing the guitar and strings with, then against each other, and adding another third to the harmony with each successive refrain until that resounding last chorus where Lloyd doubled up on his "Louie's."

The song was a structural masterpiece, a classic example of economics applied to the world of AM music, and really no different elementwise than such greats as "I Fought the Law," "Hang on Sloopy," etc., *ad infinitem*.

Perhaps the most warming thing about Stories is that they are (or were, at the time of "Brother Louie") all that's left to us today of one of the absolute-killer, Top-40 groups of all time—the Left Banke. (Noted: The group now calls itself Ian Lloyd and Stories—a move which is usually a surefire harbinger to the end of a group's usefulness.)

MOONDOG MATINEE
The Band — (Capitol)

Bruce Rosenstein

It's very difficult to criticize an album like this. If you want, you can scream bloody murder because there has been no original material since *Cahoots*, two years ago; complain that you're getting ripped off because last time there was a live album, and now, this, an album of oldies.

But that is the wrong way to approach *Moondog Matinee*. The Band is THE BAND, son, and they know what they're doing. They knew it was a year since *Rock of Ages*, but they also knew that the Dylan tour was at hand, as was a more ambitious studio album yet incomplete, and they also knew that something from The Band is better than nothing. An album of oldies is a fun thing to do, and now is as good a time as any for them to do it. There is something tremendously satisfying about hearing great songs, and it's even better if a band like The Band is doing them. This, after all, is not your ordinary, garage-band running through these tunes.

The songs are from their personal Top 10, so they're done with loving care. They do not sound dated, nor are they being done as a joke. The Band is positively smoking on Fats Domino's "I'm Ready," Chuck Berry's "Promised Land," Elvis' "Mystery Train," Clarence "Frogman" Henry's "Ain't Got No Home," and they're at their most heartfelt on The Platters' "The Great Pretender." And what a joy it is in the day of the pompous overstatement to hear loud and clear lyrics of yesterday: "Talkin' on the phone is not my speed/don't send me no letters 'cause I can't read." [From "I'm Ready."]

Another valuable attribute of *Moondog Matinee* is that it can turn people on to good old songs they may not have heard previously. This is especially true for their younger fans. Anybody who gives you a jive argument against this album is either remarkably closed-minded, deaf, or too arrogant to contend with. Robbie, Rick, Levon, Garth and Richard are great pretenders, and they'll have the last laugh.

LADIES INVITED
The J. Geils Band — (Atlantic)

The latest J. Geils Band album would be a success if not for one obstacle: the songs aren't any good. Unfortunately, *Ladies Invited* follows the pattern of their previous effort, *Bloodshot*; good playing, poor material. Once is bad enough, but two LP's of this type in a row scare you.

It wouldn't be so discouraging if their recording career hadn't started out so spectacularly; then we would have nothing to look back on. Had *Ladies Invited* and *Bloodshot* been their first two instead of *The J. Geils Band* and *The Morning After*, they'd be in the bargain bins and the band would be back in the bars. Should all this sound too harsh and bitchy, remember that the J. Geils Band is now a major band, and we just can't make allowances for top talents to the extent that we can for lesser artists. They've proved long ago that they've got nearly everything it takes, but they have also developed a sameness and drag to their music which is no longer the fun it was to rock to in 1970, 1971, and 1972. We've become too familiar with their sound. Most of the songs on *Ladies Invited* seem to come from ideas explored on previous albums.

Still, the situations would be improved greatly if they either hooked up with a good songwriter, or recorded more old R&B songs. The latter were the only bright spots on *Bloodshot*, and it's an area they know well enough to come up with some beauties. Your material needn't be all original, especially if your album suffers for it. Apparently their reggae on the last album was an exercise in trendiness, because there's none of it here. If even the staunchest J. Geils followers regularly listen to this album six months from now, I'll be surprised. Ladies (and gentlemen), decline the invitation. B.R.

MYSTERY TO ME
Fleetwood Mac — (Reprise)

Not too bad an album, but essentially bland. The letdown is even more acute when one considers the quality if their last album, *Penguin*. Although the performance and general sound is on the same high quality level, the difference is that *Mystery to Me* does not contain the calibre of material present on *Penguin*. There is a lyric sheet enclosed, but I've yet to be tempted to glance at it. Even after numerous listenings, I can only differentiate a few songs. The only semi-standouts are the reggae-based "Forever" and Bob Welch's "Somebody," a catchy piece of funk.

Sad to say, one of the few interesting things about this album is the oddity of the jacket listing a group original called "Good Things (Come to Those Who Wait)," a song which is not on the album. What is in its place on side two is a 70's version of the Graham Gouldman (now of British pop heavies 10cc)-written Yardbirds classic "For Your Love." F. Mac's version neither flatters the original nor carves out its own niche. Fleetwood Mac is still too good a group to come up with a total clunker, but it's still hard to believe that these are the same folks who gave us a wonderful album like *Penguin* less than a year ago. B.R.

SELLING ENGLAND BY THE POUND
Genesis — (Charisma)

Ever since I first heard Genesis two years ago, I've liked their sound, but I've had difficulty in describing and talking about them. And I've had a devil of a time trying to write about them. I wrote a rather brief review of their superb *Nursery Cryme* album six months after its release, and nothing at all about its successor, *Foxtrot*. Now their latest is out and I can stay silent no longer, difficulties in expression or not.

Genesis is a British group with a distinctly British sound. If they have any American influences, I can't detect them. Lead singer Peter Gabriel does not mask or hide his accent, and their subject matter concerns itself with England only. They have a classically-leaning, keyboard-prominent sound which seems to come from British groups only; among the better known, Yes, Emerson, Lake & Palmer, and King Crimson. Genesis sounds a little like all these groups, but mainly they sound like Genesis. While they have a tidy stable of followers back home, America has a few Genesis cultists, but not many, partly because they have yet to tour here. Atlantic Records, which to its corporate credit signed Yes, ELP and King Crimson from the beginning of the groups' careers, has added Genesis to their robust talent roster by entering a distribution deal with Charisma, which floundered in this country for two hitless years with Buddah.

From what I've heard, Genesis is quite a spectacle in concert. I've never seen them, but they're one of the few groups I still have a desire to see live under any concert conditions. (Third on the bill at the Capital Centre, second at the Kennedy Center, headlining Leonard Gym at American University.)

Selling England by the Pound explores basically the same territory as *Nursery Cryme* and *Foxtrot*. They sound like a mini-orchestra. Gabriel's voice is almost as effective an instrument as the guitar, organ and flute. The latter, by the way, comes up with some arresting melodies on the album. If it means anything, my favorite songs are "The Battle of Epping Forest," "Firth of Fifth," and "Dancing with the Moonlit Knight." One thing is for sure, and that's that *Selling England by the Pound*, or any other Genesis album, will not hit you over the head right away. They are among the last practicioners of subtlety in rock music. Here's hoping it never goes out of style.

B.R.

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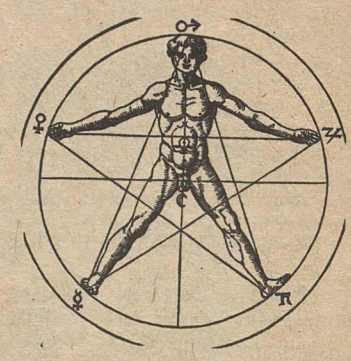

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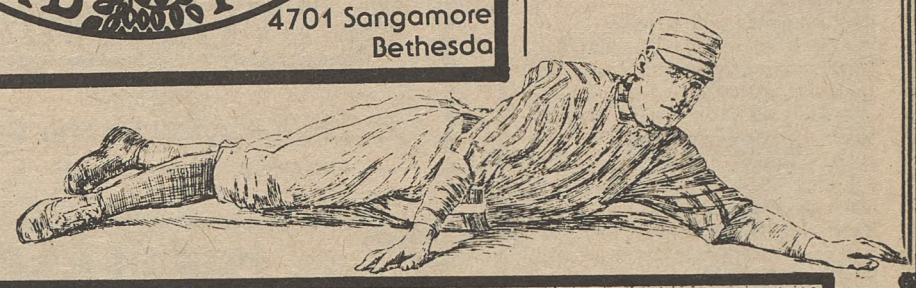

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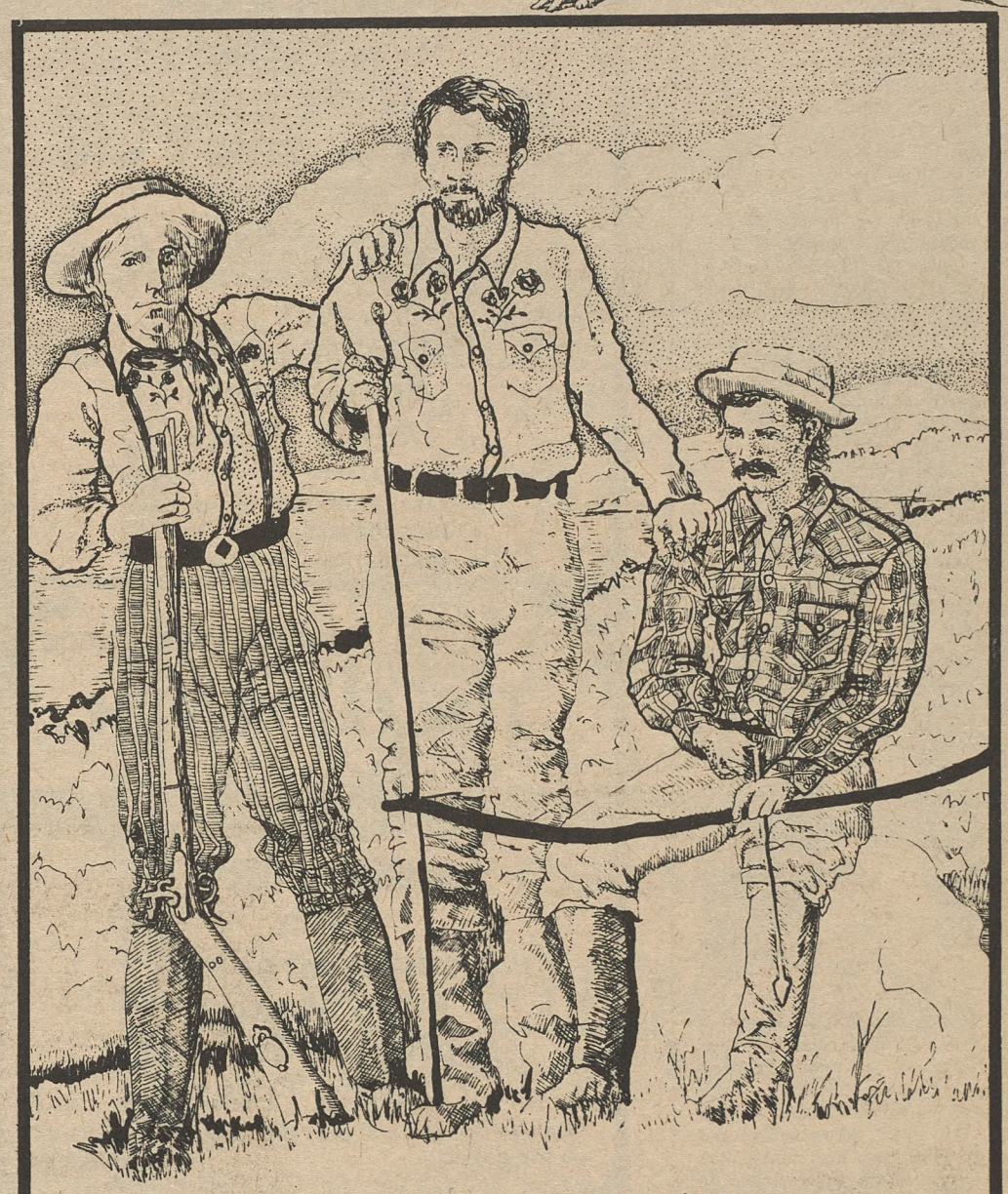

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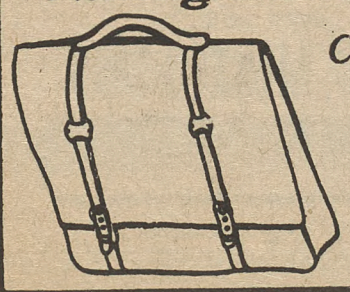

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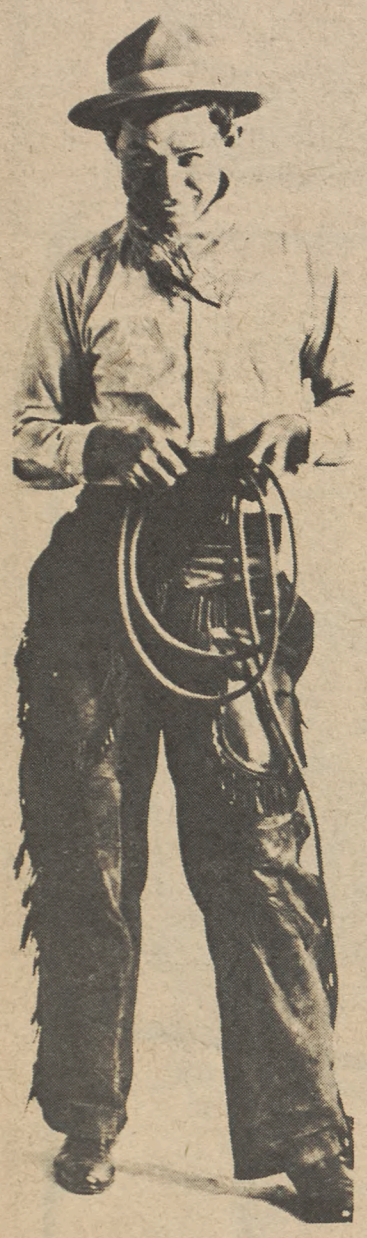
books

WILL ROGERS: His Life and Times
Richard M. Ketchum, McGraw-Hill/ American Heritage Publishing, 415 pp., hardcover, $12.95.

Marc Leepson

The next time you watch Nebraska-raised Dick Cavett deliver his late night television monologue filled with ironic, wry humor and irreverent jokes aimed primarily at the U.S. Government, look carefully over his shoulder. The ghost of Oklahoma-raised Will Rogers must be hovering somewhere near. Will Rogers originated Dick Cavett's brand of humor. Will Rogers invented the comic style of many of today's most popular American humorists; from Mort Sahl, to Woody Allen, to Bob Hope.

Will Rogers: His Life and Times, an American Heritage biography put together by Richard M. Ketchum, tells more than just the story of how Rogers rose from an obscure trick rope artist in turn-of-the-century Wild West shows to become the nation's number one show business personality during the early 30's. Ketchum's work also examines the social history of Will Rogers' lifetime, including the birth and heyday of Vaudeville and the flowering of the motion picture industry. Containing hundreds of photographs, Ketchum's biography uses as its main sources the thousands of letters, notes, journal entries and newspaper columns written by Claremore, Oklahoma's most famous citizen.



William Penn Adair Rogers was born November 4, 1879 in Indian Territory. His father, a successful rancher, banker and local politico, was 1/8th Cherokee Indian; his mother, ¼. As a child, Will loved riding horses and roping cattle and his family was unhappy, but not surprised, when he quit high school to become a full-time cowboy. He broke into show business as "The Cherokee Kid, Fancy Lasso Artist and Rough Rider" in Texas Jack's Wild West Circus in 1902. From Texas Jack's he moved on to other western shows and then to Vaudeville. By 1920 Will was *the* star of the Ziegfield Follies.

Will Rogers' act was being himself. When he starred in movies he played himself. When he wrote his popular newspaper columns and spoke on radio, he was simply himself. He merely told the American people how he felt about what was making news. His homespun, simple jokes and comments made Americans laugh during the darkest days of the Great Depression in the early 1930's. Everywhere he turned (lectures, after-dinner speeches, weekly syndicated columns, daily columns, the theater, radio and movies) Will Rogers was successful in making Americans laugh. His death in 1935 in an Alaskan plane crash (in which famed American aviator Wiley Post was also killed) was a profound tragedy in the United States.

Biographer Ketchum chronicles Will's life and times in a straightforward, concise manner. Many of Will's most perceptive remarks are included; in fact, the chapter titles consist of his famous one-liners such as "I'd rather be right than Republican," "I never met a man I didn't like," "Well, all I know is just what I read in the papers."

Over 40 years ago Will Rogers advised:

Corruption and golf is two things we might just as well make up our minds to take up, for they are both going to be with us.

You know, I think he had something there.

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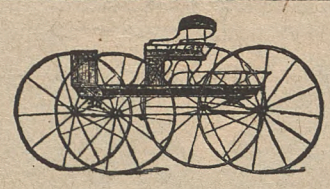

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CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

TUESDAY, JANUARY 15

BIRTHDAYS

Chuck Berry

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & Friends, Childe Harold, 483-6702
All-Beethoven Concert, JFK Concert Hall, 8:30; 254-3776.
Jack McDuff; Etcetera; 466-8822.
The Committee/Lee Clayton; Cellar Door; 337-3389.
The Bill Anderson Show; Stardust; 843-6233.
Bob Dylan; Capital Centre — **SOLD OUT**

FILMS

Fantastic Planet; Janus 1 (232-8900); Cerberus 3 (337-1311).
The Exorcist; The Cinema; 363-1875.
Sleeper; Avalon 1; 966-2600.
Silent Running/The Forbin Project; Circle 331-7480.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 16

BIRTHDAYS

Bill Francis (Dr. Hook), Bob Boyle (Ventures)

MUSIC

All-Beethoven Concert (see Jan. 15)
New Season—The Apple of Eve; Loew's L'Enfant Plaza, 484-1000.
Meg Christian; Women's Center (1736 R St., NW); 8:30 — women only — 232-5145.
Jack McDuff (see Jan. 15)

Jack McDuff (see Jan. 15)
The Committee/Lee Clayton (see Jan. 15)
Bob Dylan, Capital Center—**SOLD OUT**

FILMS

Fantastic Planet (see Jan. 15)
The Exorcist (see Jan. 15)
Sleeper (see Jan. 15)
Betty Boop Scandals of 1974; Biograph; 333-3696.
A Fistful of Dollars/For a Few Dollars More; Circle 331-7480.

EVENTS

Intro lecture on Transcendental Meditation, Silver Spring United Presbyterian Church, 580 University Blvd. E. 8 pm. also at Univ. of Md. Student Union, noon—Rm 1135 & 8 pm Rm 1133.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 17

BIRTHDAYS

Mick Taylor (Stones), Chris Montez

MUSIC

Flip Perez & Friends; Mike Palm's, 231 Penn. Ave S.E., 9:30-1:30.
Liz Meyer & Friends (see Jan. 15)
All-Beethoven Concert (see Jan. 15)
Walid Akl-pianist- Kreeger Music Bldg, A.U.; $3 8:30 pm.
Jack McDuff (see Jan. 15)
The Committee/Lee Clayton (see Jan. 15)

FILMS

Fantastic Planet (see Jan. 15)
The Exorcist (see Jan. 15)
Sleeper (see Jan. 15)
Betty Boop Scandals (see Jan. 16)
Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams; AFI; 6:30
Bay of Angels; AFI; 9:00; 833-9300.
The Good, the Bad, the Ugly; Circle; 331-7480.

EVENTS

New York Dance Collective; Theatre Project, Balt., (See **In Your Own Backyard**)
Hearings on Proposed D.C. Rent Control Regulations; Metropolitan Washington Planning & Housing Association, 1225 K St., N.W.

FRIDAY, JANUARY 18

BIRTHDAYS

Bobby Goldsboro, Claire S. Burgess

MUSIC

Flip Perez & Friends (see Jan. 17)
The Saints Jam Band; Psyche Delly, 4846 Cordell Avenue, Bethesda, Md; 8-1.
Liz Meyer & Friends (see Jan. 15)
Warsaw National Philharmonic; JFK Concert Hall; 8:30; 254-3776.
Jack McDuff (see Jan. 15)
Sergio Luca-violin- & Peter Serkin-piano- Library of congress, 8:30; 393-4463.
The Committee/Lee Clayton (see Jan. 15)

FILMS

Fantastic Planet (see Jan. 15)
The Exorcist (see Jan. 15)
Sleeper (see Jan. 15)
Betty Boop Scandals (see Jan. 16)
Alice Adams; AFI; 6:30; 833-9300
Bay of Angels; AFI; 9:00
Up the Sandbox/Save the Tiger; Circle; 331-7480.

EVENTS

New York Dance Collective; 8 & 10 (see Jan. 17)
Il Ritorno D'Wisse; JFK Opera House; 254-3776.
Music, poetry, drama & films; Iguana Coffee House; corner of 14th & N Sts, 8:30-12:30; 667-1377.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19

BIRTHDAYS

Robert Palmer (Vinegar Joe), Janis Joplin, Phil Everyl, Desi Arnaz, Jr.

MUSIC

Flip Perez & Friends (see Jan. 17)
Artur Rubinstein; DAR Const. Hall; 8:30- 338-5992
Liz Meyer & Friends (see Jan. 15)
Jack McDuff (see Jan. 15)
The Committee/Lee Clayton (see Jan. 15)
Bach at Midnight; JFK Concert Hall; 254-3776

FILMS

Fantastic Planet (see Jan. 15)
The Exorcist (see Jan. 15)
Sleeper (see Jan. 15)
Betty Boop Scandals (see Jan. 16)
Alice Adams; AFI; 6:30; 833-9300.
Blonde Venus; AFI; 9:00) 833-9300

EVENTS

World Championship Kite Flyoff; Sandcastle, Lido Beach, Sarasota, Florida.
Public Dialogue—"Who Is to Say That I'm Crazy?' The Gate, 3338 M St., N.W.; 10:00; 337-4283.
New York Dance Collective; 8 & 10 (See Jan. 17)

MONDAY, JANUARY 20

BIRTHDAYS

George Grantham (Poco), Eric Stuart, Jr. (Mindbenders)

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & Friends (see Jan. 10)
John Marlow-guitarist- Fairfax High School; 7:30; 941-6495.
Lynn Harrell-cello- & James Larie-piano- JFK Concert Hall; 3:00; 254-3776.
Jack McDuff (see Jan. 15)
"America, I Hear You Singing," Fred Ware & his Young Pennsylvanians; JFK Concert Hall
Chas. Mingus Quartet; Baird Audit., Museum of Natural History; 8:00; 381-5395.
Bonnie Raitt/Arthur (Big Boy) Crudup; Gaston Hall, G'town Univ.; 7:30 & 10:30; $5; 965-9650....

FILMS

Fantastic Planet (see Jan. 15)
The Exorcist (see Jan. 15)
Sleeper (see Jan. 15)
Betty Boop Scandals (see Jan. 16)
The Life of O'Hara; AFI; 6:30; 833-9300
Blonde Venus; AFI; 9:00

EVENTS

lecture—on Bahai Faith (see **In Your Own Backyard**)
New York Dance Collective; 2:00 (see Jan. 17)
demonstration—Batter Cake Cooking; Pierce Mill, Rock Creek Park; 1-3
All Yoga Festival; All Saints Church, 16th — Harvard Sts., N.W.; 7:00) 363-8136.
Il Ritorno D'Ilisse (see Jan. 18)

MONDAY, JANUARY 21

music

Jack McDuff (see Jan. 15)
Mason Williams; Cellar Door; 337-3389
Gianni Schicchi & Il Tabarro; JFK Opera House 254-3776
Monty Alexander; Blues Alley; 337-4141.

FILMS

Fantastic Planet (see Jan. 15)
The Exorcist (see Jan. 15)
Sleeper (see Jan. 15)
Roxie Hart; AFI; 6:30; 338-9300
Petulia; AFI; 9:00

EVENTS

poetry reading—Muriel Rukyser; Folger Library; 8:00; 546-4800
lecture—Mystical Experiences; Kay Spiritual Ctr; A.U.; 7:30; 363-8136

TUESDAY, JANUARY 22

MUSIC

Liz Meyer (see Jan. 17)
Elaine Quaforth Rossen-soprano- Women's Committee for the Arlington Symphony; 2550 So. Joyce St., Arl., Va. 685-6746
Mason Williams (see Jan 21)
Paul Hill Chorale) Museum of Natural History 381-5395

FILMS

Sleeper (see Jan. 15)
The Exorcist (see Jan. 15)
Petulia; AFI) 6:30; 833-9300
Les Biches; AFI; 9:00

EVENTS

lecture—intro TM; Citizen's Bldg & Loan Assoc., Pershing Dr. & Fenton St., Sil. Spg; 8:00 & at Hub Furniture Store, 9701 Fort Mead Rd., Laurel; 8:00
lecture—Louis Sullivan by James Mason Fitch, Baird Aud., Museum of Natural History; 8:10 381-5157.
lecture—Dowsing; by Christopher Bird; YES!; 8:00; $2; 338-7874

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 23

BIRTHDAYS

Jim Rado (Hair, R.R.R.R.), Jerry Lasson (Persuasions), Bill Cunningham (Box Tops)

MUSIC

Errol Garner; Etcetera; 466-8822
Mason Williams (see Jan. 21)
Monty Alexander (see Jan. 21)

FILMS

Sleeper (see Jan. 15)
The Exorcist (see Jan. 15)
Let the Good Times Roll/The T.A.M.I. Show; Biograph; 333-2696
One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovitch; Circle; 331-7480

EVENTS

lecture—Intro to TM; Greenbelt Consumers Co-Op 121 Centerway Rd., Greenbelt; 7:30
Open Meeting to discuss the formation of Arts Council for Arlington County; Lubber Run Ctr. Auditorium; 300 N. Park Dr.; 8:00; 558-2161
Winter Plant Hike; Ranger Station, Greenbelt Pk 11:00 am; 426-6816

THURSDAY, January 24

BIRTHDAYS

Neil Diamond, Ray Stevens

MUSIC

Flip Peres & Friends; Mike Palm's; 231 Penn Ave. SouthEast—alternative music; 9:30-1:30
St. Louis Symphony; JFK Concert Hall; 8:30 254-3776.
Erroll Garner (see Jan. 23)
Mason Williams (see Jan. 21)

FILMS

Sleeper (see Jan. 15)
The Exorcist (see Jan. 15)
Sunseed; Janus Theatre; 232-8900

FRIDAY, JANUARY 25

BIRTHDAYS

China Slick (1970)

MUSIC

Flip Peres & Friends (see Jan. 24)
The Saints Jam Band; Psyche Delly; 4846 Cordell Ave., Bethesda
Erroll Garner (see Jan. 23)
B.J. Thomas; Stardust; 843-6233
Mason Williams (see Jan. 21)
Chuck Mangione Quartet/Sonny Terry & Brownie McGee; Gaston Hall, G'town Univ.; 7:30 & 10:30 $4.00; 965-9650

FILMS

Sleeper (see Jan. 15)
The Exorcist (see Jan. 15)
Les Biches;AFI; 6:30; 833-9300
Where's Poppa; Circle; 331-7480

EVENTS

dance—American Genesis; Paul Taylor Dance Co. Lisner Aud., G.W.U.; 8:30; 333-5596

SUNDAY, JANUARY 27

BIRTHDAYS

Seth Justman (J. Geils), Nick Masa (Pink Floyd), Bobby Blue Band, David Seville, Nedra Talley (Ronettes)

MUSIC

Liz Meyer & Friends (see Jan. 15)
Paint Branch Pro Musica, Davies Memorial Unitarian Church, Camps Springs, Md.; 7:30 283-2716 (see **In Your Own Backyard**)
Montzerrat Caballe & Bernabe Marti; JFK Concert Hall; 3:00; 254-3776
Erroll Garner (see Jan. 23)
Gianni Schicchi & Il Tabarro (see Jan. 21)

FILMS

Fillmore/Concert for Bangladesh; Biograph; 333-2696
Mighty Joe Young; AFI; 2:00; 833-9300
Sleeper (see Jan. 15)
The Exorcist (see Jan. 15)

EVENTS

TV lecture—Solar Energy; WRC-TV (see **In Your Own Backyard**)
The Short Stories of Morley Callaghan; WAMU-FM; 7:30 pm
Swiss Festival; Great Falls Park; 10:00-5:00; 759-2915

MONDAY, JANUARY 28

BIRTHDAYS

Billy Wolf, Richard Wright (Pink Floyd), Brian Keenan (Chambers Bros.), Rich Allen (Box Tops), Acker Bilk, Artur Rubinstein

MUSIC

Erroll Garner (see Jan. 23)

FILMS

Sleeper (see Jan. 15)
The Exorcist (see Jan. 15)

EVENTS

poetry reading—David Hoffman & David Kresh; Martin Luther King Mem. Library; 901 G St., NW Room A-5; 7:30
Ali/Frasier Fight— Closed Circuit TV; Balt. Civ. Ctr. 9:00; 837-0900

THEATER

Inherit the Wind, Silver Spring Stage, Woodmoor Shopping Ctr. Jan. 18-20, 25-27; Fri. & Sat. 8:30; Sun. 7:30; 384-9165
The Freedom of the City; JFK Eisenhower Theater Opens Jan. 23
The Rainbow Rainbeam Radio Roadshow; American Theatre, L'Enfant Plaza; Jan. 23-Feb. 10
I Only Just Got Here Myself/Shark; ASTA; 1724 20th St., Opens Jan. 23. 232-5959.
Generosity-A Bizarre Bazaar; Corner Theater, 819 N. Howard St, Balt.; Jan. 24-Feb. 9
Ice Capades; Capital Centre, Largo (301) 350-3900. Jan. 22-Feb. 3
Changes; D.C. Black Repertory Co.; 299-2877.
Will Rogers' U.S.A.; Ford's Theatre, Jan. 22-Feb. 10.
Thoughts; New Theatre, Wash. Theatre Club, Opens Jan. 23.
Three Men on a Horse, Arena Stage, thru Jan. 27.
Tom; Kreeger Theatre, thru Jan. 27.

GALLERIES & EXHIBITIONS

Rudolph Heinke, the Dimock Gallery, Lisner Aud., G.W.U., thru Jan.
Serigraphs by Peggy Zee/Group Show by Member Artists; Spectrum Gallery; thru Jan. 27
Marjorie Hirano & Thomas Beck; Emerson Gallery thru Jan.
Paintings by Jack Tworkov; Watkins Gallery, A.U. Jan. 21-Feb. 14
Joseph Cornell—Boxes—Nat'l Collection of Fine Arts, Smithsonian; thru March 10
Patti Glazer; sculptural tapestries; Talking of Michaelangelo; thru Feb. 2
Model Train Display; 225 W. Saratoga St., Balt., Sundays, 1-6 pm, thru Jan. 27
20th Cent. Paintings — Sculpture; Balt. Mus. of Art, Jan. 22-Feb. 24
New Prints by Peter Milton/New Gallery Printmakers; Franz Bader; Jan. 23-Feb. 9
Brenda Belfield; Folger Library; thru Feb. 1
Saul Steinberg—Metamorphosis of an Emblem; Nat'l Collection of Fine Arts; thru Feb. 12
Mark Rosenman; photographs; Talking of Michaelangelo

Bonnie Raitt to appear at Gaston Hall, G.U., Jan. 20

Chuck Mangione appearing with Sonny Terry & Brownie McGee at Gaston Hall, G.U.. Friday, January 25.